

Easter With the Moravians

Quaint Celebration of the
Day at Bethlehem, Pa.

Bethlehem, Pennsylvania's little Moravian city, swarms with visitors on Easter Sunday. Some of the visitors are themselves Moravians, others are attracted by curiosity, but all are drawn there to witness or take part in an Easter service unlike any other in the land.

The Moravian faith is dominant in Bethlehem; for, of the 12,000 persons within its

congregation in this country. Refugees from Moravia came in 1740 to found a settlement in Pennsylvania and selected a site on the Allen tract at the forks of the Delaware. In three months they had cleared their land, built a log house and purchased 500 acres of land.

There were fourteen pioneers who lived in that cabin, and shortly before Christmas of the same year their number was augmented by a few more refugees.

Nicht Jerusalem, sondern Bethlehem.
Aus dir kommt, was hier frommet.

These are lines of a hymn which has been thus paraphrased:

Not Jerusalem, lowly Bethlehem
I was that gave us Christ to save us.

The sentiment so moved the pilgrims that from that night the settlement by common consent was called Bethlehem.

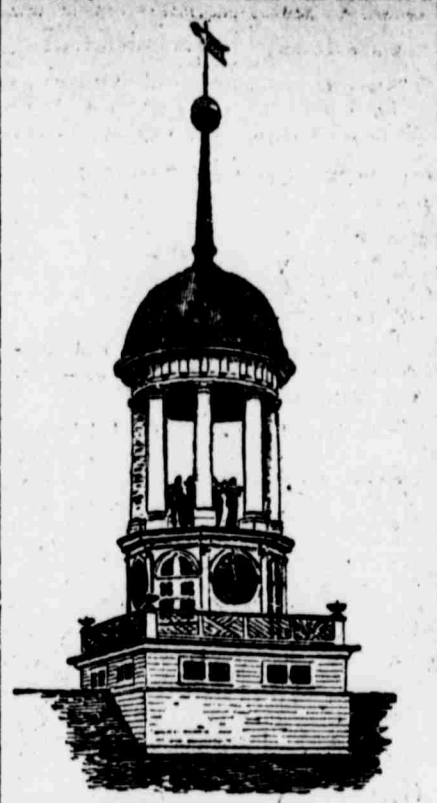
More refugees came to the new colony, pledged themselves anew to the doctrine, and formally completed the organization of the congregation to subserve three purposes: to provide a home for those banished by persecution; to conduct missionary operations among the Indians and to provide a centre for evangelistic activity among the immigrant settlers.

To secure the realization of these designs a system of general housekeeping was instituted, and while all retained their private property no one carried on business purely for his own profit. All worked for the church and in return received from it the necessities of life.

The arrangement was, therefore, a union of church and family on the basis of the motto:

Together we pray,
Together we labor,
Together we suffer,
Together we rejoice.

In 1751 the building, now known as the Old Chapel, was erected and was used for a



THE TROMBONES IN THE BELFRY.

place of worship until 1806, when the big church that is now used was dedicated. The Old Chapel stands to-day in the cluster of similar stone structures. Its exterior is plain, faced with big square blocks of rough stone, and their appearance suggests more a street in the interior of Europe than one in this young country. During the Revolution the Old Chapel was used by the patriots as a hospital, and soldiers occupied several of the other buildings in the group.

Despite the unrest caused by the French and Indian wars the Economy prospered until, as the population of the settlement increased, it outgrew its life. So, in 1762 the system was done away with and the various occupations were thereafter carried on as private enterprises.

The church sold property to its members and assumed the character of a European Moravian congregation. Persons who were not members of the church might now live in Bethlehem, but they could not own property or transact business there. As the former system continued closely to the church and family, so did the new code unite the church and municipality and so it remained until 1844.

Then progress made another change necessary. The borough of Bethlehem was instituted; its burgess, council and officers were elected and the town was thrown open to the public without restriction. Other churches were invited to enter and did so, but the Moravian church was far more successful than the others and has held its prestige to the present.

Bethlehem being the mother church of Moravians in this country, some of its most important institutions are located here, and a great seminary, opened in 1785, has educated thousands. There are also a parochial school and two chapels, one of which is the building erected in 1751.

The present place of worship is a massive structure situated at the top of a hill, in a commanding position, looming up majestically before one who climbs toward it upon one of the steep little hills, of which there are many in Bethlehem. Architecturally it is simple, with plain sides and wide approaches, but there is an air of stability about it and its round, cupola-like steeple seems to dominate the city around it.

The church is old, but the customs and observances followed by its congregation are far older. They came from the old country with the first founders of Bethlehem, have been handed down from generation to generation with but little alteration and have become hallowed by tradition. Such is the Easter service which fills the church at daybreak every year and leaves thousands, crowded out through lack of accommodations, standing in respectful silence in the streets outside.

To outsiders this Easter service is quaint and, in a way, dramatic, but it is not intended to be so. The Moravians are simply following an old custom, as their forefathers did and as Moravians in Europe still do.

Following, as it does, the old traditions of the Church, Moravians come to Bethlehem in crowds for the Easter observance. The night before Easter Sunday finds the trolley cars leading to the city crowded with pilgrims. Bethlehem is in the centre of an extensive network of trolley lines which run in unbroken line as far as Philadelphia in one direction and almost to Reading in the other. Visitors come from both these cities and fill the hotels and private houses to their limit.

Many outsiders come every year without knowing exactly what they are to see. Such was the case last year, when more than one hundred persons remained in the church at daybreak expecting that an all-night vigil was to follow. They had made no arrangements for lodging, expecting to spend the night in church, and there they were allowed to remain for there was no accommodation for them in the hotels or boarding houses, which were full.

The traditional Easter service begins in the church at daybreak and is the same, never varying year after year. It would inspire an unbeliever, but to the Moravian it is doubly impressive because every day during Holy Week service is held in the church preparatory to the Easter observance.

At 3 o'clock in the morning, before a sign of dawn has appeared behind the hills over beyond South Bethlehem, six or eight men gather on a corner near the church bearing trombones, and a moment later the instruments have a joyous chorus announcing that Easter is dawning.

Their notes arouse the churchgoers in the neighborhood. The musicians go to another corner and play again, and so on through the city they mark the beginning of the day's observance.

The music of the trombones is familiar to dwellers in Bethlehem. By their notes have the deaths of Moravians been told to the city from the belfry of the church. Usually their music is that of sadness, as by one air they announce the death of an old man, by another hymn the passing of a child, or by still another that of a married woman, but on Easter Sunday their tones for the only time in the year, are raised in gladness.

Then in window after window lights appear, people begin to appear on the streets, climbing up toward the church from the South Bethlehem side or walking down from the west. They appear early, if they are wise, for past the death of an old man, by another hymn the passing of a child, or by still another that of a married woman, but on Easter Sunday their tones for the only time in the year, are raised in gladness.

A peal of the big bell in the steeple announces that the doors are open to those who have been waiting in the dark, and the pews fill rapidly. So do the aisles and every bit of available space. Members of the congregation even camp on the stairs leading to the pulpit and fill the pastor's room in the rear. The altar is covered with flowers, Easter lilies, palms and azaleas,

and the odor of lilies hangs heavy in the big rectangular auditorium as the crowd awaits in silence the coming of the ministers.

Outside stand in an orderly mass the disappointed ones who came too late to gain admittance. At length the three young ministers, dressed entirely in black, mount the platform, the old rich organ bursts out in some classic melody. Then the service begins.

The minister with outstretched arms motions the congregation to its feet.

"The Lord is risen," he chants with the choir.

"The Lord is risen, indeed!" answers the congregation.

Then follows a hymn, the music of which is perhaps by Handel, perhaps by Bach. A choir and a selected chorus, trained and familiar with the intricate music, lead the singing and many of the members of the congregation join in, and the trombones help out with their chorus.

The music is most impressive and illustrates the inherent German love for it which is one of the characteristics of the Moravian congregation. They love the

works of the old masters. None of the lighter rhythmic hymns pleases them, and the music to which they sing verses of praise is, in most cases, adapted from some classic source.

It is music which, from its complexity, would be impossible for any other congregation, but which the Moravians have brought up on it. Even the children in the Sunday school have mastered sacred music adapted from Bach.

The ministers follow with readings from the Litany of the Moravians which is also

a creed, and parts of it are chanted by a choir. Two more hymns and the congregation leaves the church. The organ gives forth more glorious music as the ministers and musicians take the lead of the procession that has formed and then start up the hill to the burying ground where the remainder of the service is held.

The crowd which has been standing patiently outside the church, joins in the procession and moves silently in the gray light of dawn.

The Moravians believe that no man's memory should be exalted above another's by the surroundings of his grave, since all men are equal in the sight of God. So there are no high monuments in the cemetery; only plain rectangular stones laid flat on the graves, which are low and in very straight rows.

In the centre of the graveyard stand the clergymen; near them are the choir and the trombone players, and in a hollow square around them stand nearly 4,000 people. There the litany is completed, and hymns are sung again.

"And keep us in everlasting fellowship



CEMETERY WHERE THE EASTER SERVICE IS HELD.

borders, 10,000 of them are followers of that form of worship. Nor is this to be wondered at, for the city was founded by them, and their church in the little Pennsylvania town is the mother of all Moravian

On Christmas Eve the little band celebrated the Lord's Supper. Then one of them, struck by the fact that only a thin partition separated their humble lodgings from the sheds in which the cattle were housed, sang with great fervor:

Thus was an Economy founded. The pilgrims who continued to come were skilled in trades or professions. The church built and mended its own ships, and in them brought newcomers from Europe. The congregation grew rapidly and prospered.

say something about New York city as it will be fifty years from now.

"Why fifty years?" he asked. "Why not five years, and now? There is enough work already planned and actually under way to appeal to the imagination of any man."

"But the best of it is that it isn't imagination, but real. There is no need of visionary prophecies and there is no excuse for any man to indulge in boom talk."

"There are four tracks across the East River to-day. By squeezing and pulling and hauling those four tracks enable 40,000 people an hour to cross the river. That is all we have to-day, but when work that dreamed of or contemplated, but actually in progress is completed within the next five years, we will have thirty-two tracks across the East River, in tunnels and on bridges, and 320,000 people will be able to pass from Long Island to Manhattan Island every hour."

"And Long Island with its 280 miles of shore will be opened up as a land of homes in which men may live and still be able to do business on Manhattan. The subway tunnel to Brooklyn, the Williamsburg Bridge, No. 3, the Blackwell's Island bridge and the Pennsylvania Railroad tunnel, will do that."

"And all of Long Island to Islip on the south shore and Northport on the north will be built up with houses in which people may live in comfort the year around and where children may be raised as they should be. That will put an end to race suicide,

for trade and we will have another city within the city at South Brooklyn."

"But the why and the wherefore of this growth are more interesting than the physical details. It is as important to know what has made New York city great as it is to know about the mere laying of tracks and the location of terminals."

"The whole world is contributing to this city. These skyscrapers don't mean merely that New York is growing as a municipality. They mean that most great enterprises in the world have a New York office."

"Every railroad, every mining concern, every important banking house must have its office in New York, no matter in what State or country the home office may be located."

"The man who looks upon the city's tremendous development of the last five or ten years as something which is only local ignores the true significance of it altogether. The prosperity of New York shows the prosperity of the country. It means that the West has got beyond the frontier stage of its development and that the whole country from the Atlantic to the Pacific is living on fat."

"In the beginning, the development of the West was a rough-and-tumble fight between nature and man, and a part of it. That fight has been won, and the fruits of the victory are a surplus and great business enterprise in thriving cities instead of small undertakings in the wilderness, and this city, as the financial starting point of all these achievements, is getting its share of the rewards."



NEW YORK AS IT WILL APPEAR FIFTY YEARS HENCE, EXTENDING FROM PHILADELPHIA TO MONTAUK POINT.

On the face of a Broadway building near Bowling Green there is an inscription on bronze which reads:

"This tablet marks the site of the first habitation of white men on the Island of Manhattan."

"Adrian Block, commander of the Tiger, erected here four huts or houses after his vessel was burned, November, 1613."

That tablet also marks the apex of the triangle, or inverted pyramid, the outlines of which make the ever-extending frontiers of the city's growth.

It is no longer adequate to say that the "tendency is upward" and that the city grows north. It grows up and down, and across town. And cross town no longer means from the North River to the East River, but from the middle of Jersey to thirty

remark was misinterpreted if it was taken as a joke at the expense of Philadelphia. He had in mind the pyramid within the lines of which there will eventually be a solid urban population, with no room for rural patches. And the base of that pyramid will extend to Philadelphia. But Manhattan will continue to be the great centre of the entire region, and all roads will lead to the apex.

To return to the bronze tablet. The inscription goes on to say that after building his hut Adrian Block built and launched the first ship constructed in America, and the name of the ship was Restless. A more appropriate one could not have been chosen for the first vessel to be launched from an island that was to develop into Greater New York, with its population of nearly 4,000,000, in less

than 300 years, while, as Andrew H. Green, the "Father of Greater New York," said the other day, it has taken London 2,000 years to get a population of 6,000,000.

Mr. Green's prophecy for fifty years hence is that this town will have a population of 10,000,000. But in saying that, he has in mind the city as a political division within defined limits. In the larger, economic sense the city will extend far beyond the jurisdiction of its Mayors.

Fifty years from now the City History Club may discover on their bronze tablet on the walls of a skyscraper near Central Park which will read:

"This tablet marks the site of the last private dwelling house on Manhattan Island below Fifty-ninth street."

That stretch of five miles below Fifty-ninth street is to be all for business, the prophets say, and it will be the financial

so far as this city is concerned.

"There is no room for the family on Manhattan. Practically no more private dwellings are being built here, nor more than 100 a year at the most."

"All below Fifty-ninth street is to be a great business community. It will be the world centre and around it will be the habitable regions, each with its own business centre for local needs."

"There will be half a dozen important cities within the limits of the great city. There will be a big business section in Harlem, of which 125th street is the nucleus, for the people of The Bronx and Westchester. The business section of Brooklyn will continue to develop and grow in importance as a business section."

"There will be a city at Jamaica and another at East New York, and eventually Brooklyn will outgrow its present facilities

"We have not had the fat and the surplus long enough to become used to it and indifferent as to what we shall make of it. There is no inclination here, as in some older countries, to rest on our oars and be content with what we have."

"The ideal of the rich American is neither to live in idleness on his surplus nor to go off there for the sake of adding to his fortune. His ideal is to construct and develop. The increase in his fortune is only important to him in so far as it enables him to accomplish greater things."

"We are just beginning to get the benefit of immigration. Years of blending of the races have given us practically a new race and because of this evolution this country has to-day any kind of an expert in any line of industry that you can mention."

"If in any man with an idea or an invention has a chance to demonstrate his own fitness for contributing to the general advance and for sharing in its benefits."

MR. ANKENER'S TALL TOWER.

Queer Addition to a Civil Engineer's Cottage

Unexpectedly Useful.

One of the cardinal points in the system of triangulation of New York city is a tall tower attached to the residence of Ernest Ankenier, a civil engineer, residing in Winants street, Long Island City. The tower is nearly 100 feet high, fifteen feet square and of heavy lines. In fact, it looks heavy enough to tilt the house from its foundation.

Mr. Ankenier is attached to the Topographical bureau of the borough of Queens. He drew the plans for his house and took charge of its erection.

When the house was well along toward completion he decided to add the tower, believing that it would be useful in educating his son in his own profession. It took a long time to complete the tower, and the finishing touches were only recently given to it.

The real value of the tower did not develop until the city Topographical Department, after consolidation, undertook to extend the triangulation system of The Bronx to all the boroughs. The first point struck on the Long Island side was Engineer Ankenier's tall tower. It was sighted from High Bridge and was made the point from which the triangulation scheme of the borough of Queens was worked out.

From the tower on a clear day can be seen the tower of the water works in Prospect Park, Brooklyn; Harbor Hill, Roslyn; Fort Schuyler, on Throgs Neck; the Government Coast Survey tower near Great Neck, L. I., and the tower of St. Joseph's



Seminary at Dunwoodie.

The tower is known on the survey maps as Ankenier station, and Mr. Ankenier is determined that it shall not be shut out from direct view of any other cardinal point even if he has to add considerably to its height.

The heavy lines of the tower and the effort the cottage appears to be making to sustain the tall structure excite much comment from persons passing in their cars or trains. Many times conductors are asked what the tower is used for, and they explain that it was erected by a father to aid in the technical education of his son.

SHE WORE A SWEATER.

Infraction of Boarding-House Etiquette by a Young Woman Who Was Cold.

There was trouble in a Manhattan boarding house the other day because a young woman asserted her right to smoke in her room, and the dispute got as far as the police court; but all that wasn't a circumstance to what happened in a Brooklyn boarding house a few days ago when the young business woman wore her sweater at the table.

There was really a good reason for wearing something warm. It was one of those days when the hired man had let the furnace run down, and old winter sneaked in and gave a last slap just to let people know that he had to be reckoned with even if there were holes in the trees. It was also one of those days when the hall bedroom runs a race with the windiest corner for the first prize in coldness.

The young business woman shivered while she was waiting for the dinner bell, and by the time that it tinkled she was desperate. Then she went to her trunk and got the sweater.

It was a very handsome sweater and she was a very handsome girl, so nobody had any cause to complain of the combination. In fact, the young man who takes the Wall

street ferryboat home every evening was just telling her how nice it looked when the woman of the house came in and let out a preliminary snort.

"Does anybody think it's chilly here?" she asked, in the tone of one who expects no answer.

She got none except a snicker from the young man who came by the Wall street ferry. Then she walked out. But the young business woman found her waiting at the head of the stairs when she went up.

The landlady heard it all, too.

The woman of the house said that any woman who wore a sweater at the table was no lady. She intimated strongly that she knew all about ladies, too. Would the young woman kindly see that it didn't happen again?

The young woman said that it never would happen again, so far as she was concerned, because—

"Because what?" asked the landlady.

"Let me tell you something," said the young woman. "I wore the sweater because I am living at present in a house where the people who run it are too stingy to furnish heat to make the boarders comfortable."

You know how hot goes with a hall bedroom," interrupted the landlady.

"I know none ever got as far as mine," was the answer. "I wore the sweater to keep warm. Nobody at the table made any objection to it, and they are the people who are paying the money here. Now, I'm going to leave your board old place—and I hope you choke!"